

Sammy

Moves to Brookdale



FOR ME TO REMEMBER

I was glad when they said to me,

"Let us go to the house of the Lord."

Jesus said, "Let the children come to me."

God giveth us all things to enjoy.

My heart is glad.

There is a time for every work.

The earth is full of thy riches.

Serve one another in love.

Let us love one another; for love is of God.

My Book and My Name

SAMMY MOVES TO BROOKDALE

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I was glad when they said to me,
"Let us go to the house of the Lord!"

—Ps. 122:1.

Sammy watched until the big red moving van turned the corner. He trudged into the house, past the barrels of dishes and boxes of linen. He walked around Pamela, who was playing on the floor with some wooden spoons and a mixing bowl. Her hair was mussed, and there was a spot on her nose.

"Mother," he said, "there's nobody here to play with."

Mother took her head out of a big barrel she was unpacking. "Ride your tricycle down the sidewalk and see if you can find some children."

"But I did, and there isn't anyone."

Mother stopped working long enough to put her arms around Sammy. "When you start to kindergarten and to church school, you'll make friends."





“But church isn’t until Sunday,” said Sammy.

“Why don’t you play with Topper for a while?” Mother suggested. “As soon as I finish unpacking this barrel, we’ll have lunch.”

Sammy stood still a minute. Then he went out into the back yard. “Topper,” he called. Topper came running as soon as he heard his name.

Sammy patted Topper. He looked at the high green hedge. That would make a fine place to play hide-and-seek. But he couldn’t play hide-and-seek by himself. The big oak tree looked just right for a swing. But swinging wasn’t much fun if he had to swing by himself.



Sammy sat down on the top step to think. In a moment Grandmother came out. She had been unpacking a trunk. There was a fur around her neck, a garden hat on her head, and a raincoat over her shoulders!

Topper sniffed at the fur. Sammy laughed and said, "You look funny, Grandmother." But he didn't laugh very long.

"What's the matter, Sammy?" Grandmother asked. "Don't you like our new home?" She sat down beside him.

"The *house* is all right," Sammy answered. "But, Grandmother, there's nobody here to play with."

Grandmother took Sammy on her lap. "You know, long ago your mother felt just as you do, Sammy. We had to move from one town to another often because of Granddaddy's work. But as soon as she went to Sunday school, she made new friends."



Mother came out on the porch. The big acacia tree made the steps shady and cool. It was covered with sprays of lemon-yellow flowers. "Let's see what we can find for lunch. Sammy, you can get some plates out of the barrel."

"I'll wash Pamela's face and hands," Grandmother said.

Sammy followed Mother and Grandmother into the house.

He almost had to stand on his head in the barrel to reach the plates. When he handed them to Mother, he asked, "Mother, how many days is it until Sunday?"





Jesus said, "Let the children come to me."

—Mark 10:14.

Sunday morning Sammy followed Daddy into the kindergarten room at the church. The teacher was tacking pictures on the corkboard. A little girl was looking at the pictures for her.

"Good morning," said the teacher. "I'm Mrs. Rider. This is my daughter, Ann."

"How do you do," answered Daddy. "I'm Mr. Rider. This is my son, Sammy. We're new in Brookdale."

"Have you been to kindergarten before, Sammy?" asked Mrs. Rider.



"Oh, yes," said Sammy. He looked around the room. Books were open on a table by the window. Over in one corner were large blocks; in another, was a playhouse. Even the picture of Jesus and the children was the same.

"The room was just like this one," Sammy said to Mrs. Rider.

"Mother and I are going to another class, Sammy, and then into church," said Daddy. "We'll be back for you."

"My daddy is singing by himself in church today," said Ann. "I'm going into the big church to hear him."

Sammy looked at Daddy. "Could I go too?" he asked.

"I don't know why not," agreed Daddy. "I'll come for you right after church school."

When Daddy left, Sammy walked over to the picture. "I know what Jesus is saying," he said to Mrs. Rider. "'Let the children come to me.'"

"I'm glad you know that special verse, Sammy," said Mrs. Rider. "Children all over the world know it."

Sammy knew most of the songs the kindergarten children sang, and he liked the story Mrs. Rider told about helpers in the church.

The boy sitting next to Sammy said: "My daddy's a helper. He shows people where to sit when they go into the big church."

"Yes, Peter," said Mrs. Rider. "Your daddy's an usher. He helps take the offering too."

"My daddy helped in our other church," said Sammy. "He was a teacher."

"Perhaps he'll help us here in Brookdale Church too," said Mrs. Rider. "We always need helpers in our church, big helpers and little helpers."

Sammy followed Mother, Daddy, and Grandmother through the carved doors of the church. The sun was streaming in the big window high in front. The blue and red and purple of the glass seemed to twinkle at him.





“Good morning,” said the man standing just inside the door. “Welcome to Brookdale Church. My name is Sadler.”

“Thank you,” said Daddy. “I’m George Stuart, and this is my family. We’re new in Brookdale.”

“We hope you’ll like it here,” said Mr. Sadler. They followed him down the aisle, past pews filled with mothers and daddies and children, and sat down.

Sammy listened to the soft music of the organ. "Mother," he whispered, "a *lady* plays the organ here."

Outside, the bell rang loud and clear. The minister opened the big Bible on the pulpit and read,

"I was glad when they said unto me,

Let us go into the house of the Lord."

The choir stood, and the organ music, soft at first, began to get louder. One of the men sang alone in a voice that was deep and strong.

"That's Ann's daddy," said Sammy to Mother.

When it was time for the offering to be taken, Mr. Sadler came to their pew. Sammy wondered if he was Peter's daddy.

After church, the people nearby shook hands with Mother and Daddy and Sammy and Grandmother. Outside, people stood in friendly groups, laughing and talking. No one seemed to be in a hurry. Mother came from the nursery with Pamela.

"That was a fine sermon," said Daddy as they started home.

"I enjoyed the music," said Mother.

"That's a real friendly church," said Grandmother, nodding her head.

Sammy didn't know any of the big children who were passing. "Let's go," he said, pulling his daddy's hand. "I want to go home to Topper."

But just then Ann and her daddy walked by, and Ann waved to him. Peter called, "Hi, Sammy!" from across the street.

Sammy took Grandmother's hand. "I *like* Ann," he said. "I like Peter too."





3

God giveth us all things to enjoy.

—I Tim. 6:17.

Sammy rubbed his eyes, pushed the covers back, and jumped out of bed. *Who's playing the radio?* he wondered. But it wasn't the radio. It was someone singing.

Then Sammy remembered. The painters were coming today, and he wanted to watch them mix the colors for the house. He dressed quickly and hurried into the kitchen.

Pamela was sitting in her high chair. "Hi, Pamela! Mother, may I have my breakfast *right now?*" Sammy asked. "I want to watch the painters."

As soon as every bit of the orange juice and cereal had disappeared, Sammy hurried out to the garage. Just outside the door there was a man in white overalls.

“Good morning,” said the painter. “Did my singing wake you?”

“Hello,” said Sammy. “You’re Mr. Rider. You’re Ann’s father. I heard you sing in church yesterday.”

“I saw you too. I have a surprise for you this morning. Ann,” he called. Ann was hiding in the hedge.


“Hello, Sammy,” she said. “I’ve been trying to keep Topper out of the paint.” Topper barked and jumped up on Sammy. His nose was bright yellow! It was as yellow as the acacia tree near the porch.

Mr. Rider kept stirring the paint in the large can. He put in green and brown and black.

“Mr. Rider,” said Sammy, “we want to paint our house yellow!”

Ann laughed. “Daddy says it takes all colors to make a nice soft yellow.”

“Just wait and see,” promised Mr. Rider. He went on stirring, mixing, stirring, mixing.



“Do you know,” he said, “we mixed twenty different colors when we painted the church.”

“Did you paint the steeple too?” asked Sammy.

“Yes, and what do you think we found there?”

“I know,” said Ann, jumping up and down.

“Don’t tell him,” said Mr. Rider, “let him guess.”

“Did you find a bell?” asked Sammy.

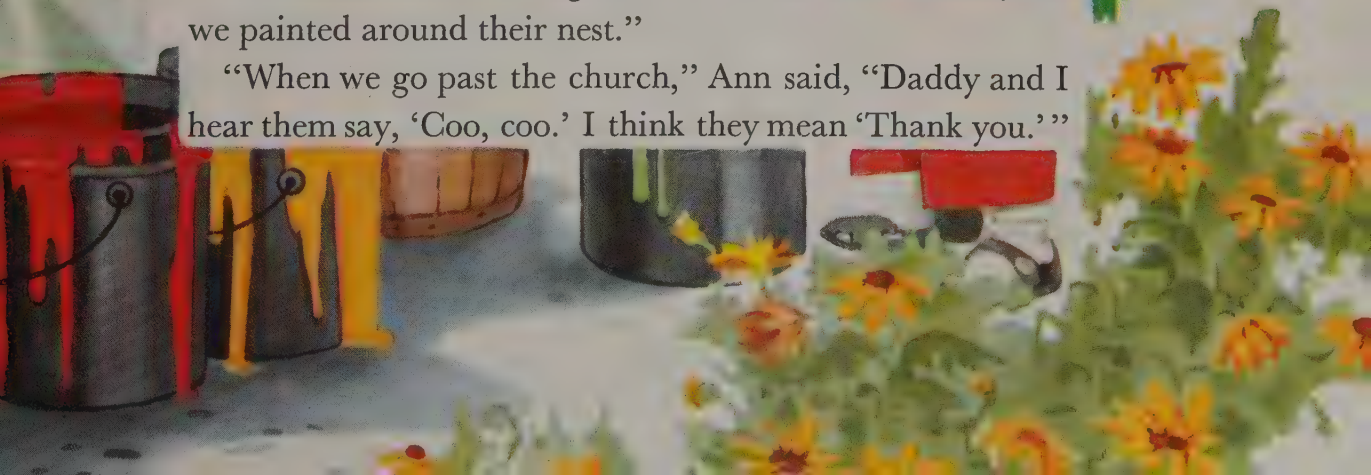
“No. Doves.” Ann couldn’t wait for another guess. “A lot of doves.”

“What did you do with them?”



“We didn’t want to frighten them,” said Mr. Rider, “so we painted around their nest.”

“When we go past the church,” Ann said, “Daddy and I hear them say, ‘Coo, coo.’ I think they mean ‘Thank you.’”



Mr. Rider swished the brush back and forth on the side of the house. "I do believe we have the right color now." He stepped back to look. Sammy stepped back and looked too, his head to one side.

"It's just the color of sunshine," he said.

Mr. Rider began to paint. He began to sing, and his brush kept time to the music—swish, swish—swish, swish.

"Let's play hide-and-seek," said Sammy.

"You're it," called Ann as she ran toward the high green hedge.



Mother and Sammy went up the wide walk of the green school building. There were animals on the gate that opened into the kindergarten playground.

“Stay out here, Topper,” said Sammy. Topper lay down under a big tree.

Mother and Sammy went inside. They walked down the hall to a room marked “NURSE.”

“Mother,” whispered Sammy as they sat down, “do you know who that lady is?”

“The nurse?” Mother asked.

“She’s the lady who plays the organ at the church,” said Sammy.

“Why, so she is!” Mother looked surprised. “Everywhere in Brookdale we find our church friends.”

The nurse walked over to them. “Good morning,” she said. “I’m Carol Rice, the school nurse.”



"I'm Mrs. Stuart. This is Sammy. He starts to kindergarten in the fall."

"I saw you in church," said Sammy. "You played the organ."

"I love to play the organ, Sammy," said Miss Rice. She took Sammy over to a table where a boy was putting the pieces of a puzzle together.

"This is Carlos, Sammy," she said. "He will be in kindergarten in the fall too. Here is a puzzle for you."

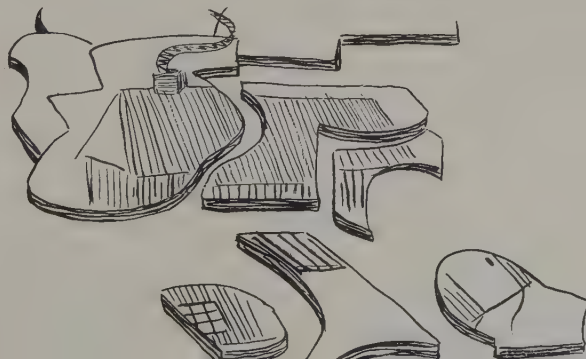
Mother went with Miss Rice into the next room. Sammy sat down at the table and started working on his puzzle.

"That's a house, isn't it?" asked Carlos. "Mine's a fire engine."

"You come and put out my fire," said Sammy.

"I just got vaccinated." Carlos rolled up his sleeve and showed the bandage to Sammy.

"I'm going to be vaccinated too," said Sammy. "We just moved here."



Soon Miss Rice came to the door and called Sammy into the other room. Sammy held out his arm for her so she could roll up his sleeve. There were some quick pricks and it was over.

When Mother and Sammy came out with Miss Rice, Carlos was still waiting for his daddy. He was sitting on the grass beside Topper.

“Carlos, Miss Rice says that your house is just back of ours,” said Mother. “Wouldn’t you like to come over soon to play with Sammy?”

“I have a swing. Daddy put it in the oak tree,” said Sammy.

“I’ll come tomorrow,” said Carlos.

Sammy gave a little skip down the walk. Now he had another friend.

“Come on, Topper,” he shouted, “I’ll race you to the corner.”







5

There is a time for every work. —*Ecc. 3:17.*

Sammy hopped on one foot, then on the other. He and Mother were going to have lunch with Daddy.

“How soon will the bus be here?” he asked.

“Soon, Sammy, soon,” Mother promised. And soon it was. The big orange bus came down the street and stopped under the olive tree where they were waiting.

“Go home now, Topper. Go home,” said Sammy, as he gave Topper a little push. Topper walked slowly away, his ears drooping.



“Good morning,” said the driver as Sammy and Mother stepped into the bus.

Mother put the money in the little glass box. “Why, it’s Mr. Sadler,” she said. “No wonder you make such a good usher at the church.”

“I’m Bert when I’m on the bus. Everyone in Brookdale calls me Bert.”

He looked at Sammy. “You must be in the kindergarten. Do you know my little boy? His name is Peter.”

“Yes, I do,” Sammy said. “He sat beside me in church school.”



“I have a little surprise for boys and girls the first time they ride my bus,” said Bert. He reached down below the coin box and pulled out a small bag. As he handed it to Sammy he said, “Promise me you won’t eat them until after lunch.”

“I won’t,” promised Sammy. “I’m going to have lunch with my daddy today.”

Mother took the seat behind Bert. She let Sammy sit by the window. Sammy looked into the paper bag. Peppermints! Fat white ones like the barber gave him back home.

“That’s our post office,” said Bert as they passed a large brick building on the corner. “It’s new. And there’s our park. Isn’t that a dandy? We have band concerts in the summer.”

“Oh, see the picnic tables!” said Sammy. “Mother, can we have a picnic?”

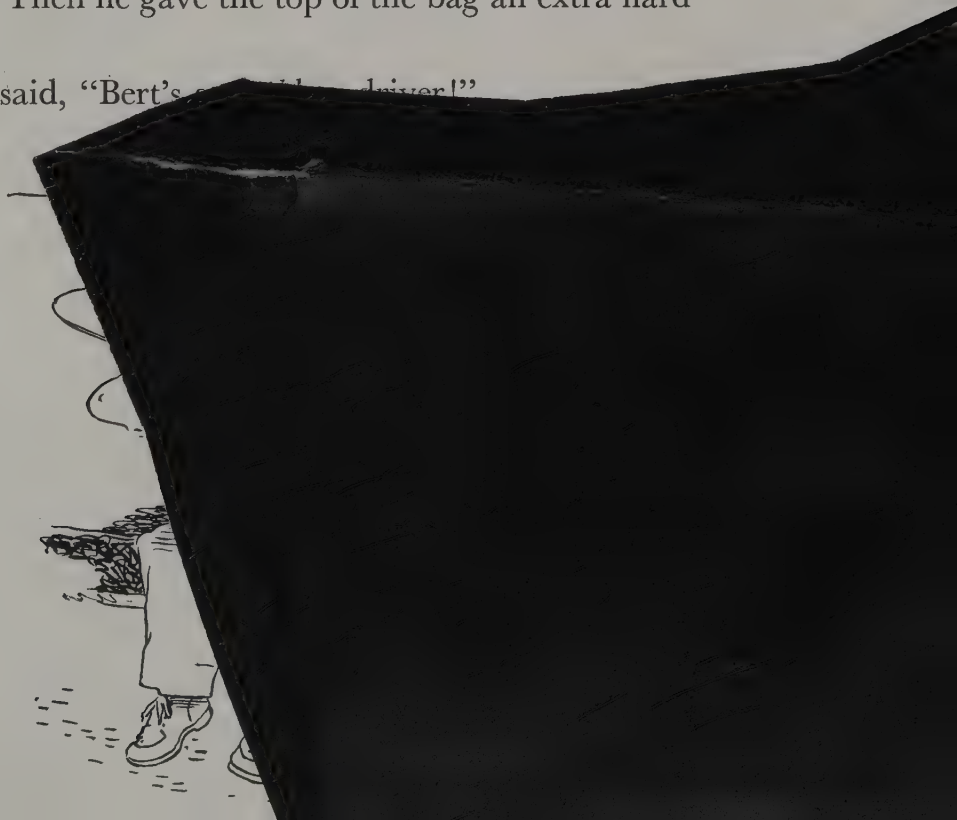
"We'll be having a church school picnic here one of these days," said Bert.

Sammy opened his peppermint bag and took a long sniff. He closed the bag and twisted the top of it tightly.

"There's the firehouse, Sammy," Bert called. "Someday you and your daddy can visit it."

Again Sammy opened his bag of peppermints. He sniffed one big sniff. Then he gave the top of the bag an extra hard twist.

"My," he said, "Bert's a real driver!"



The background of the page is a colorful illustration of a garden. On the left, a large green tree with many leaves stands. In the upper right, a bird's nest with two small yellow chicks is perched on a branch. In the lower right, a lawnmower with orange wheels is shown from a side profile. To the left of the lawnmower, there are several flowers, including a yellow tulip and a pink iris. The sky is a pale blue with a few small yellow butterflies. A large black shape, possibly a shadow or a piece of fabric, is in the lower left corner.

6

The earth is full of thy riches.

—Ps. 104:24.

Daddy was mowing the grass. Topper was chasing the lawnmower and barking sharply.

“Daddy,” said Sammy, “may I have a garden?”

Daddy stopped the lawnmower by the oak tree and sat down to listen.

“We talked about seeds in church school. Carlos is going to plant a garden. So are Ann and Peter.”

“What do you want to plant?” asked Daddy.

Sammy thought and thought. Finally he said, “Carrots—I like carrots best of all.”





“You and your carrot seeds,” laughed Daddy. “We had enough carrots last year to feed our family and all the rabbits in Mr. McGregor’s field besides! It’s a good thing we like carrots. Mother wants to buy some rosebushes,” Daddy went on, “and Grandmother wants some pansies. Why don’t you run in and ask them how soon they could be ready to go to the nursery?”

“Nursery?” Sammy thought this was very funny. “Do roses and pansies go to nursery school?”

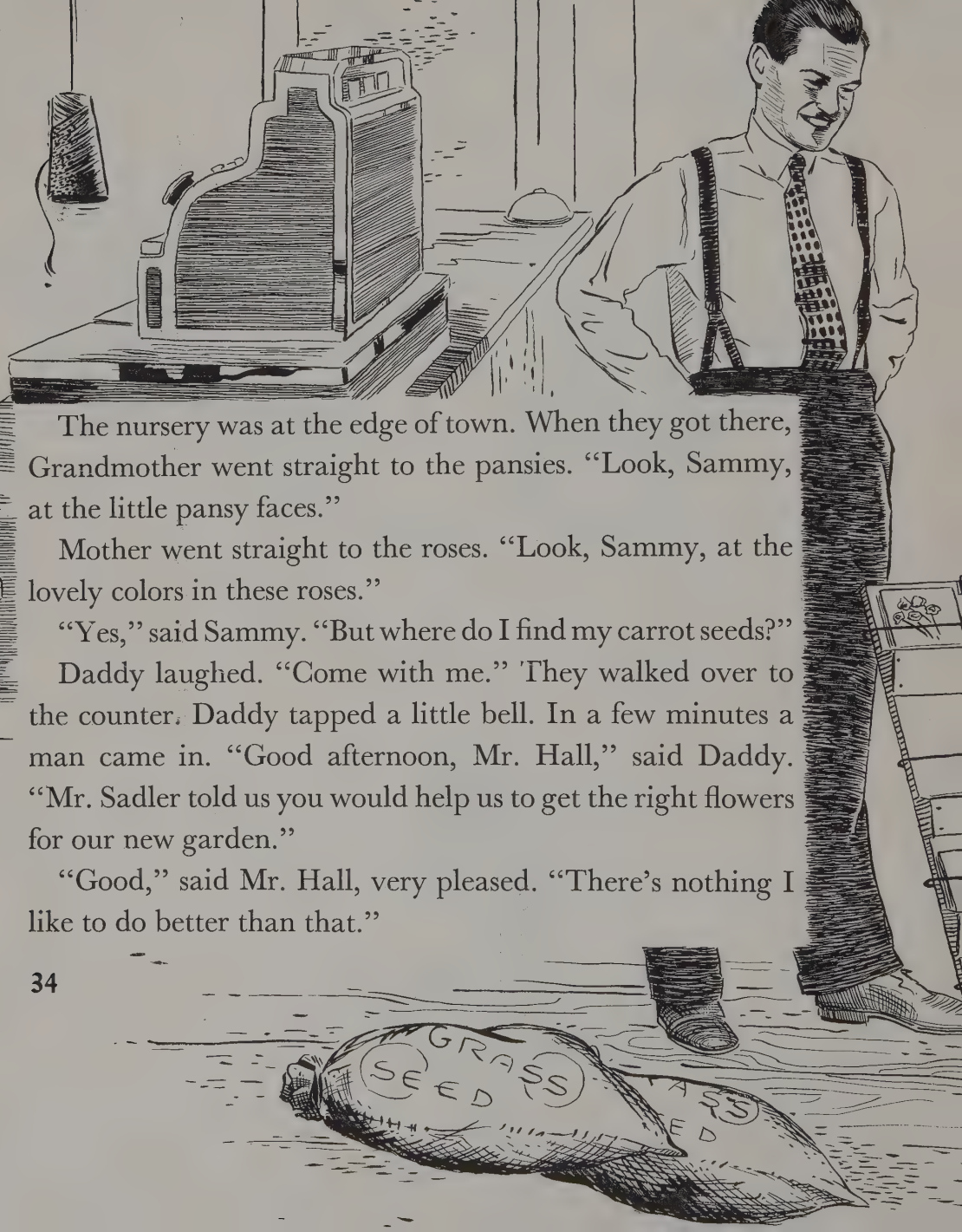
“Little children go to the church school nursery,” said Daddy. “But little plants and trees grow in a different kind of nursery. You’ll see!”

Sammy skippety-skipped into the house. In a few minutes he came back. “Mother and Grandmother will be ready as soon as Pamela wakes from her nap.”

“What have you in your hand?” Daddy asked.

Sammy opened his tightly closed fingers. “Ten cents. I had ten pennies in my ‘saving-for-things’ jar. It’s for my carrot seeds.”





The nursery was at the edge of town. When they got there, Grandmother went straight to the pansies. "Look, Sammy, at the little pansy faces."

Mother went straight to the roses. "Look, Sammy, at the lovely colors in these roses."

"Yes," said Sammy. "But where do I find my carrot seeds?"

Daddy laughed. "Come with me." They walked over to the counter. Daddy tapped a little bell. In a few minutes a man came in. "Good afternoon, Mr. Hall," said Daddy. "Mr. Sadler told us you would help us to get the right flowers for our new garden."

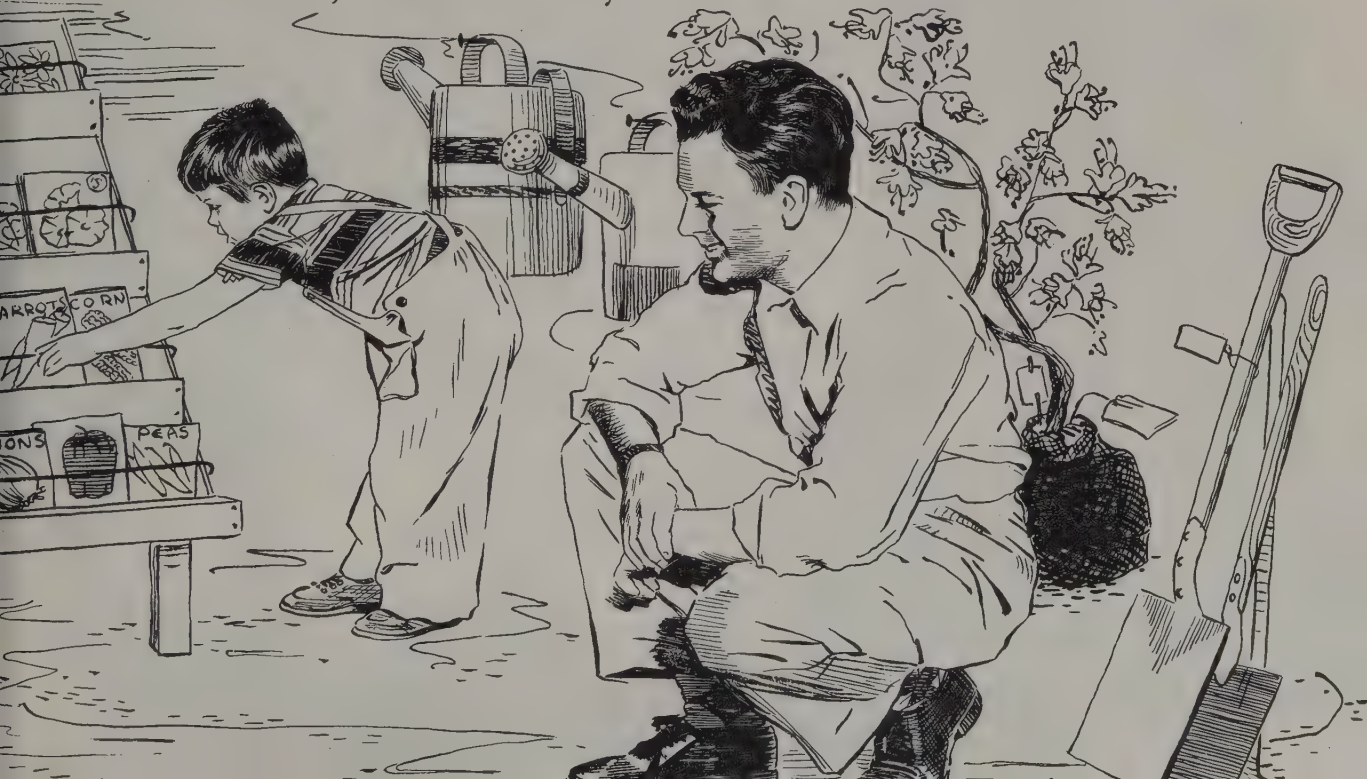
"Good," said Mr. Hall, very pleased. "There's nothing I like to do better than that."

"Mr. Hall," said Sammy, "can you tell me where I can find carrot seeds?"

"Why? Do you know a rabbit that wants to plant some?" asked Mr. Hall with a twinkle in his eye.

"I want to plant them," laughed Sammy.

Mr. Hall showed him a rack that was filled with packages of seeds, and on each package was a picture. Sammy chose a package with a big yellow carrot on it. "See how *long* this carrot is," he said to Daddy. "Mine will look like that."





Daddy chose several packages of seeds too. "You can have carrots in *your* garden. But I want some other vegetables in mine."

Mother and Grandmother came in with their arms full of plants. "Didn't someone tell me that you and Mrs. Hall arrange the lovely flowers each Sunday at church?" Mother asked Mr. Hall.

"That's the happiest time of the week for us," Mr. Hall answered. "Wait until you see the peach blossoms I'm saving for church next Sunday."

"Did you find what you wanted?" Daddy asked Mother.

"I think we bought enough for all Brookdale," said Mother as they walked to the car. Daddy opened the trunk. He took Grandmother's basket of pansies and put them inside. Mother handed him her rosebushes.

Sammy said, "I think I'll hold my carrot seeds." He wanted to look at the picture of the long yellow carrot on the package. "Mm-mm!" he said.



7

Serve one another in love. —*Gal. 5:13.*

“Plink, plink; plunk, plunk, plunk.”

Sammy stuck his head around the door into the living room. He saw a man peering into Grandmother’s piano, and a boy holding a flashlight.”

Sammy watched as the man pressed down the keys and listened with one ear to the side.

“Plink, plink,” went the high notes. “Plunk, plunk, plunk,” went the low notes.





The man looked up.

"You must be Sammy," he said. "I thought
this is my son, Randy." Sammy liked
the T shirt Randy was wearing. The big
man and Randy
they played baseball.

"What are you doing?" asked Sam.

"Tuning your piano," answered Mr. M.
"My son comes along to help when I need more help."
he's playing baseball.

"May I hold the flashlight?" asked Randy.

"Sure," said Randy. "My arm's tired."

"A little lower, Sammy," said Mr. McKinney. "That's better."

"Plink, plink; plunk, plunk, plunk."

"That's *much* better," said Mr. McKinney, wiping his hands on his black apron. He ran his finger up and down the keyboard.

"Well, Randy, I guess we can go now. Our job's done."

"Oh, couldn't Randy stay and play with me?" Sammy asked.

"I have a better idea," said Mr. McKinney. "Randy always likes to go with me to the church when I tune the pianos there, and that's my next stop. Perhaps you could come with us."





"I'll ask my mother," said Sammy, and raced into the kitchen. He returned in a minute. "She says I can go if you're sure I won't be in the way."

"I'm quite sure you won't," said Mr. McKinney. "And we can always use another flashlight holder!"

The boys waited for Mr. McKinney to pack his tools, and then climbed into his station wagon.

Sammy waved good-by to Pamela. She was sitting in her play pen on the front porch, with Topper close by. Grandmother was planting her pansies.

"Grandmother," shouted Sammy, "your piano's all tuned again."

"Good," she replied. "I'll play for you tonight after supper."





Just inside the church was a table covered with newspaper. At one end was a big pile of peach blossoms. Mr. and Mrs. Hall from the nursery were putting them in tall white vases.

Sammy looked into the open doors of the big church. Miss Rice was playing the organ and Ann's father was practicing a song.





"My," said Sammy. "There're almost as many people here today as Sunday."

"It takes a lot of people to keep a church going," said Mr. McKinney. "Come on, boys . . . the kindergarten first."

Sammy followed Mr. McKinney and Randy into the kindergarten room. He picked up the flashlight and held it over the strings of the piano.

"Plink, plink; plunk, plunk, plunk."



Let us love one another; for love is of God. —I John 4:7.

Sammy and Carlos and Ann and Peter waited on the green lawn for their mothers and daddies to come out of the church.

"I planted carrot seeds," said Sammy. "But Topper keeps running over our garden. Daddy and I are going to build a fence."

"I have *radishes*," said Peter.

"I have *snapdragons*," said Ann proudly.



They stopped talking when they saw Mr. Sadler, Peter's father, hook back the carved doors of the church. They could hear the organ as Miss Rice played. Soon people began to come out of the open doors—mothers and daddies and little children, grandmothers and grandfathers, uncles and aunts. All of them stopped to say good morning to Sammy and his friends as they stood in a circle on the green lawn.

"That was a fine sermon," said Daddy to the minister.

"I enjoyed the music," said Mother to Mr. Rider.

"This is a real friendly church," said Grandmother to everyone she met.

The circle kept getting bigger and bigger as Peter and his daddy joined them.

Mr. and Mrs. Hall came down the walk carrying the peach blossoms from the church. Mr. Hall handed an armful of them to Sammy's mother. "These are for you," he said. "We thought you might enjoy them."



"Thank you," said Mother.

"We think flowers make new people in Brookdale feel at home," said Mrs. Hall.

Sammy looked at all his friends, Carlos and Ann and Peter. He looked at the mothers and daddies talking together.

"I'm not new any more," he said happily.

OUR DEAR CHURCH

Our dear church was builded

Long ago with prayer,

So that all the neighbors

Might find welcome there.

WHEN TO CHURCH I GO

Very softly I will walk,

Very gently I will talk,

When to church I go.

Though I cannot see Him there,

God is with me ev'rywhere;

He is here, I know.

To the Mothers and Fathers Who Will Use This Book:

It is an almost universal experience these days to be occasionally "uprooted." It is an experience that a child seldom enjoys, especially if the uprooting means leaving familiar places and dear friends to go to a new home.

What, then, can give such a child this very essential feeling of familiarity, of being safe, of being welcomed?

If, as parents, we have shared with our children our feeling for the church as *people*—God's own people, who are like a



good family in their loving concern for each other; if we have been so much a part of the church life that the building, the hymns, the worship procedures, the ways in which these people feel and think and act have established for the child a deeply satisfying pattern that can be recognized in any *true* church, then it becomes possible for even the small child to find in a new environment a sense of being "at home," such as the Brookdale Church gave Sammy.